

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED.

WHILE acting as attendant for the day at a Tract Depot in Toronto, I heard from another apartment in the rear, the front door open, and coming forward found a man seated on a stool before the counter with his face buried in his hands. He looked up to say "I have come in for an answer to that question in the window," and resumed his position. Now in the window were these words in large letters, WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED. He went on to say that for two years he had been in a state of great anxiety about his soul, being unable to still or satisfy his conscience. He had resorted to every expedient, sometimes drinking heavily, again seeking amusement and distraction, but all in vain, the inward and faithful monitor would not be quieted, but with ever increasing faithfulness and energy went on reproving and warning until at last it had become unendurable, "And to day," said the stranger "as I passed your shop I was on my way to terminate my miserable existence, by casting myself into the lake, when my eye caught these words, 'what must I do to be saved,' I went on, but could not go far, I had to return, I have passed up and down several times before coming in and now," said he, "I want to know if you can give me an answer to that question?"

What joy it is for a child of God to meet an anxious soul and what "joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."